

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Vol. XXIX. September 5, 1912 Number 36

GENERAL BOOTH
IN EDITORIAL TABLE TALK

AFTER VACATION

TWO ARTICLES: ONE BY WILLIAM
E. BARTON, THE OTHER THE
OPENING EDITORIAL

ITALY'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL LAKE

BY GRACE DICKERSON

CHICAGO

OUR READERS' OPINIONS

The New Party

The present situation of political parties is more compelling than any since the days of the war and reconstruction.

The liquor power in our land has had its way up to the present time in its own program that there never shall be a political party in this land which a liquor vendor can not vote with and feel at home in and call his own. To this program the old political parties have given consent and ninety per cent of church members consent to it and no instance is shown where men lost their church membership by continuing to uphold the license system.

Now that a new party has come upon the field it is a sight for men and angels to see whether it will take any action that would alienate the liquor people and open the door for Christian men to enter and be free from their taint. But as there is already a party in which no liquor dealer was ever found and as the Christian people also have quite generally avoided it there is no proper motive for a new party to take up the cause of a sober nation against the aggressions of the law defying rum interests.

Is it not strange that Christian men are blinded and have forgotten the words of Lincoln that there never could be a slave dealer in an anti-slavery party and its vast importance now that there never can be a liquor dealer in an anti-liquor party. It compels thinking.

Some have supposed that an anti-saloon movement of some kind would answer without the need of a national party for the purpose, but since the supreme court at Washington decided on last January 20, that liquor may be shipped into any state, county, township, or home in all the land, so that the white maps which were used to show prohibition territory were all turned black on that day, it leaves not one rod of prohibition territory under the stars and stripes. Our president even made friends of these evil doers by sending a cabinet officer to preside at the last Brewers' congress.

Now, as never before, the Christian man and the Christian Church have come to the forks of the road, and God's voice is saying "choose you this day whom you will serve."

Holland, Mich. JOSEPH S. HUGHES.

A Progressive for Taft

I am a Republican. I am for Taft. I am a progressive, and believe that the Republican party and candidate are the best instrument at present for the passage of the best progressive measures. I hold that the Roosevelt party is a superfluity and the Democracy an impracticability.

Delphi, Ind. CLARIS YEUELL.

From a Methodist Point of View

Editors The Christian Century:

Allow me to congratulate you and your paper on the stand you are taking for true Christian unity. We of the other Christian denominations are of the belief that, if we ever attain the end for which the Christian world is working now, it will be through tolerance of the conscientious scruples of one another, rather than through bigoted fanaticism along some particular line.

Now, I grant every man the right to be baptized according to the form which his reason and conscience tell him is right. If he believes that immersion in the name of the Trinity is baptism, so be it. He would be doing wrong to be baptized in any other way. But I do not grant any man the right

to tell me that my baptism, which happened to be by affusion, and which I have taken to myself since reaching the age of accountability, for I was baptized in infancy, was not genuine baptism. In quibbling over the particular form of baptism are we not going back to the old Jewish phariseism? Sticklers for form to the detriment of the true spirit of the Gospel. When Christ was conversing with the woman of Samaria he said that which might well be applied to our present day. The woman said that their people claimed that that mountain was the place to worship, but the Jews contended that the temple at Jerusalem was the place, but Christ answered that "God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

If our ordinance of Christian baptism was adopted by the early church as a means of induction into the church, in obedience to the injunction, "Go ye into all the world, and make Disciples of all nations," why is it a vital matter even though the particular form of administering that baptism has changed? Are our church edifices the same now as they were in the early church? Are our musical instruments the same as were used in that time? Do we go to church in the same kind of vehicles today as we did then? A thousand and one things have

changed with the ages, and it is right that they should change, so long as they do not undermine the great fundamental—our faith in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of the world, and hence our personal Saviour if we will accept him. This is an age of progress. Thank God, I believe it is an age when the various regiments of God's great army on earth are getting closer together than ever before. I can not believe that the majority of Disciples hold the bigoted view as set forth from week to week in some of their papers. I have known a number of preachers of that church and many adherents, numbering them among my very closest and warmest friends, and I believe it to be a fact that there is even now a great internal surging in the church in protest. I congratulate you for your courage in leading out in this great fight for tolerance and true Christian unity. Rest assured that you have the well wishes of the true Christians in all evangelical churches throughout the land, and these are after all the true members of God's Church. Our prayers are with you. Keep the good work going.

Viroqua, Wis. RAY WILLING SMITH,
Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.

Motormaniae: "What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about an automobile?"

Frankenstein: "To keep from talking about it all the time."—Toledo Blade.

William Woods College

Has enrolled the seventh daughter of one family this year, and has received a letter from a mother stating that she intends sending her seventh daughter for 1912-13. The six sisters of both girls were educated in William Woods College. How is this for confidence in a good school?

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HILL M. BELL, President,

Drake University.

Des Moines, Iowa

The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT, EDITORS

The Master Workman

THE REAL NEW YEAR'S DAY FOR THE church comes in September, not in January. The sense of a fresh start in all the work of the church comes with the passing of the hot weather, the return of the members from their vacations and the settling down of life to a more regular schedule of activities. The pastor, too, comes from his vacation with a new sense of power. The little vexations of the year have quite faded out and the feeling of victory is in his heart.

Reviewing the past year not many of us have the sense of thoroughness in what we undertook to do for Christ. Most of us are humbled with the fact that our work in the church has not measured up to our ability and our light. There is with us the clear sense of at least partial failure, the knowledge that our past year is unfinished, that its arrears follow us into the present moment.

* * *

Our failures are ever with us. They may be explained variously. Perhaps we have not worked well for Christ because we did not conceive and project for ourselves a task that was worthy to call out the best that is in us. Perhaps the work we did was mechanically done, not for love of souls nor of God, but for pride or love of the mere institution.

But with most of us our sense of partial failure in the Lord's work is accompanied with the haunting sense of an unsurrendered will. The second best things of life distracted our wills from the doing of the first best things. We never fully got our hearts' consent to do just "this one thing." Our interests were divided between God and mammon. Consequently our work was unfruitful, and as we have reviewed it in the detachment of our vacation it caused us shame.

Before beginning a new year it is well for us to face our failures, and with humility of heart bring them all into the presence of Christ our Master Workman. He came to do the will of God and declared with no self-deception at the close of his life, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." It will do us good to observe him at his work and learn of him.

* * *

First of all, we are impressed with the busy-ness of his life. No critic of Jesus has ever called him an idler. There are the signs of strenuousness and vigor upon every page of his biography. At the early age of twelve he assured his mother that he must be "about his Father's business." Leaving the carpenter shop where he labored with his hands he passed into his public ministry. Here we find him busy all the time. Crowds surrounded him. They pressed at the door of the house where he was preaching. They came early in the morning with their sick to be healed. Intending to evade the multitude for a day that he might rest and talk quietly with his disciples, the crowd followed him around the lake into the desert place. Only at night had he leisure to pray. Likely he was aged prematurely by his strenuous toiling, for some guessed him to be

fifty years old when he was but thirty-two. No loitering, leisurely ministry is here. His task was serious. The time was short. The will of God drove him on.

* * *

But we cannot fail to observe the calm orderliness of Christ at his work. Each day seemed complete. He betrays no distractions due to unfinished tasks. With a poise that marks him as one of the sanest men he moves easily among his duties and keeps his work before him. There are no arrears from day to day. Sleep came to him easily, as when he lay in the boat and slept through the tempest. He did not worry. His heart was clear. His will was lost in the Father's will.

As Christian workers we have no more important lesson to learn from our Master than this. Our church temper is anxious. The outsider is impressed with our uneasiness. We are fearful concerning financial support, concerning attendance, concerning the enlistment of more workers. It is thus that we lose in power. Real strength is in repose. But we cannot find repose in our work except as we find it in a clear conscience, a consciousness that what is given us to do has been done with scruple and earnestness. After that the outcome rests with God and then our hearts may be calm.

* * *

Just here, therefore, is the third characteristic of the model Workman—that he moved ever in the sense of the companionship and partnership of God. The clear perception of this fact brought the values of his work home to his soul. Otherwise his work must have seemed an utter failure. Speaking from a purely human point of view, no man ever failed more abjectly than Jesus. But within his soul there was a sustaining sense of something that his disciples had not yet learned to reckon on. That was God. Under the apparent failure of the work of Jesus lay the working of God.

And God could not fail.

What God had been waiting for for centuries was not some great man who should succeed, but some faithful man who should fail for the sake of the truth. God's purpose did not require that his Servant should be great or picturesque, but only that he should faithfully do the plain will of the Father till the end of the day. Such a life failure God could use. From such a seed God could bring a vast harvest of souls.

It is immensely important for us as workers for God to see just this truth. We are really workers with God. The victory, the success, is not ours, but His. We may seem so unworthy. Our work may seem to count for so little. We spend our lives in a humble corner. But God is our partner. His power is underneath our puny efforts. His success is underneath our failure.

* * *

This new year let us watch the Master closely. Like him let us work hard, and let us work calmly. And like Him let us count God in, so that our hearts may have the sense of the dignity of the humble things we do and the assurance of ultimate success.

Social Survey

Muck-Raking the Newspapers

The various professions have come in for their share of criticism in recent years as being non-progressive and but ill adapted to modern conditions. It is now the turn of the newspaper man to submit to this useful kind of examination.

The first National Newspaper Conference was held at Madison, Wisconsin, this summer. At this conference, the various counts against the modern newspaper were enumerated. It was charged that the modern newspaper, in spite of its wonderful news gathering machinery, fails to do just what it blatantly professes to do, publish the news. This is due to the pressure of the advertisers who bear the major portion of the expense of getting out the newspaper, and to those corrupt influences which buy up editorial opinions at so much an inch. There were four remedies proposed.

Professor Ross, author of "Changing America," proposes that we shall have a privately endowed press. This would make the paper independent of the advertiser and yet not introduce the complicated kind of control that would come from a municipal newspaper.

Livy S. Richard, editor of the Boston Common, proposes that we shall have a public newspaper owned by the municipality. Since the newspaper is a public utility, it is argued that it should be put on the same basis that we are putting many other similar enterprises.

A. M. Simons, editor of the Coming Nation (Socialist), urges the abolition of the capitalist system, which would involve, of course, the abolition of the privately owned newspaper.

A still further suggestion was that of William Ellis of the Searchlight, who advocated the enactment of laws like the pure food laws that would penalize the publication of things untrue or hurtful to public morals.

The stand-patter was also there who insisted that the press was now pure and high-minded and that no reforms were necessary. That the newspaper as now conducted needs the muck-raker, few will deny.

The Parcels Post Coming at Last

Regard for the sensitive gentlemen who hold stock in the various express companies, has long held back in the United States a form of postal service to be found everywhere else in the civilized world. These gentlemen of the express companies have had such winning ways about the lobbies of Congress, that the people were never heard. At last we have a parcels post bill before Congress which seems likely to pass.

The bill was prepared by the democrats of the House but was amended in the Senate to provide for rates adjusted to certain zones. The democrats of the House have magnanimously decided to accept the republican amendments, and it seems that the bill will likely pass.

More Senators in the Limelight

The expulsion of Senator Lorimer from the higher branch of our national legislature has not appeased the public in its demand for clean senatorial elections. At the close of the present session of Congress, charges were brought against four senators, showing that corrupt influences had helped procure their election. Against one of these the charges were of such serious nature that the Senate has voted to investigate, and Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, one of the right hand men of the Taft administration, must stand trial. It is not any wonder that the gentleman in question should be engaged just now in diverting public attention by yelling at Theodore Roosevelt, "Stop thief!"

The Problem of Missions in Japan

The gospel has made great advances in progressive Japan but it is far too much to say that the Christian religion is sufficiently established there to need no further help. Though Christians are now prominent in public life, the program of the empire is still in considerable measure anti-Christian.

Especially is this true of the religious and educational programs.

Education has been projected in Japan upon a secular basis and the department of education has seemed to operate upon the theory that the future welfare of Japan demanded the emancipation of the nation from all religions which are looked upon as being alike superstitious. Other departments of the government, however, have been concerned to further the advances of Shintoism, the national religion, believing the success of Christianity or any foreign religion would make for a decline of patriotism.

Roosevelt and Standard Oil

A single day serves to change the situation in politics. The recent charges brought against Theodore Roosevelt by Senator Penrose and John D. Archbold before the Senate committee are the latest sensation. Roosevelt promptly denied the charge that he had sanctioned accepting a campaign contribution from the Standard Oil Company and asked of the Senate that he be allowed to testify.

This demand has not been complied with. Archbold's proof is a reputed conversation with a dead man. His statement is immediately followed by a trip to Europe. It will require more than such flimsy charges ever to convince the majority of the American citizens. Such tactics were once effective in politics but we are optimistic enough to believe they have ceased to be so.

Taking the Gospel to People

This season many of the churches have been trying the outdoor service again. Last year even ritualistic Episcopal clergymen were to be found in the ranks of those who would take the gospel to the people.

The out-door service has many difficulties, of course. It is easily subject to interruption. Sometimes the people move on and hear only part of the service or drop in after it has well progressed. The audience is likely to be so varied in character that the preacher is hard put to it to find a theme so universal as to reach them all. There is always the temptation in the unwonted surroundings for the preacher to drop some of the dignity which has usually characterized his pulpit efforts. In spite, however, of these manifest handicaps, we are convinced that there is a type of open-air preaching which will do effective work for the kingdom.

The Y. M. C. A. of Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, is now having meetings every Sunday afternoon on the lake shore in a little park and those who have gone to the lake for air and exercise are drawn into a service, and with a virile message by the preacher, they are, for the most part, held to the close. Such work as this is genuinely missionary, for many of the people that go to the lake on Sunday are not regular churchgoers anywhere. Jesus was not tempted to depart from serious discussion of high things in his open-air meetings and if we shall know how to take our opportunity seriously and give our best message, in a language the people understand, we shall not lack a hearing and much good seed will be sown for the kingdom.

The Russians of Chicago

The Russian colony in Chicago is one of the newer groups of foreigners in this city. Ten years ago, but few of them were here. We now have nearly twenty thousand pure Russians and many thousands more who speak the Russian language. There are Russian Jews and Russian Poles. Many other racial groups understand Russian, and especially the Bulgarians who speak a language very closely allied to Russian and employ the Russian character in writing. The Roman Catholics have displayed great enterprise in Chicago in taking care of their people, but the Greek Catholics are not so energetic.

There are but two or three Orthodox churches in Chicago for the vast population of Russians and Greeks that require such a church. Even these churches do not get a very great grip upon their people, a Servian editor insisting that their priest hold himself in readiness to perform the weddings and conduct the funerals, but that he should not trouble the people with further religious services. The whole Slavic problem, so urgent in the steel country in Pennsylvania, is now upon Chicago for a solution. The Disciples of Christ opened a Russian mission with a native worker a little over a year ago. Plans are maturing through the co-operation of the American Missionary Society to erect a fifteen thousand dollar plant for the work in the near future.

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The Great Example

"Live with wolves, and you will learn to howl," say the Spaniards. Seneca wrote, "Noble examples stir us up to noble actions, and the very history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous thoughts." "And let me tell you," says Izaak Walton, "good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue." "You know the power of example; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

Many a one
Owes to his country his religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man."

Precepts are good when they sum up our experience. We may learn from another what to do and what not to do. A fool with riches will teach us that wisdom is better than riches, unless we herd with the fools. The wrathful man enables us to understand the proverb that he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. But it is to the good that we look for help and not to the evil. A warning that we are on the wrong road is useful; it is far better to have a guide who knows the right road. Knowledge of the roads that lead us away from our destination will never of itself get us where we ought to be. If there is one road and only one that leads us home or to the place we wish to visit and we know that one, we have no reason to worry because we have knowledge of no other. If we have as our companions the good people of the world, we have ample opportunity to live up to the best there is in us.

A famous American educator said to one who inquired about his students that they were just as lazy as they dared to be. We are all as lazy spiritually as we dare to be. We must have constant stimulation or we fall below our proper level. We have to live where heavy demands are made upon us. For this reason we cannot afford to let a day pass without having before us the example of Jesus. An inferior example will not suffice. Of course, the effort of the weakest ought to be a spur to us. We cannot all live with saints. The notion that we ought not to expect much of ourselves while we lack the companionship of the great and good is fatal to the spiritual life. The words of Jesus, the picture of him given in the New Testament, and the influence he exerts upon very ordinary persons are sufficient to keep us alert, unless we are devoid of all spiritual discernment.

Jesus choose to suffer injustice rather than to inflict it. Therefore the world has been offended at him. It inclines to the view of David Harum that we should do unto the other fellow as he would do to us and do it first. If it fears deceit, it practices deceit. It too often answers fraud with fraud, hate with hate. The result is that evil is increased. The cure for injustice, ingratitude, lying, dishonesty, and hate is justice, gratitude, truthfulness, hon-

estry, and love. We who think we are Christians have learned imperfectly the Master's method of curing the world of its sin. We try to drive men into goodness. This seems to be the easier way. To win them by victorious living we judge to be too hard for us.

The scoffers gathered about Jesus. He was too great to be understood by selfish men. Had he been a magician he would have been within the mental horizon of the men of his generation. Had he flattered the multitude and encouraged popular follies the mockers would have praised him. He ministered to human needs as a friend of man. He placed the final good of man above immediate satisfaction. He was uncompromising in his adherence to the right. It was therefore impossible for him to escape the mockery of disappointed selfishness. His religion is supported by those who endure bitter opposition. The world is not so good that it will witness without protest the elimination of its pagan notions and the destruction of its evil institutions. Progress within the church costs much. The man who demands a more consistent application of the principles of Jesus in the affairs of the church meets the ridicule of the majority, who identify custom with the will of God. The way of the cross is still the way of all those who would be disciples of Jesus. [Midweek Service, Sept. 11. Mark 15: 15-37.]

S. J.

"Unbaptized Christians"

One of the most interesting and amusing features in the current discussion of the practice of Christian union is the emergence of new words and phrases in the vocabulary of the Disciples. We have commented upon some of these terms previously. Here is a new one, however. Editor A. C. Smither in writing about the Berkeley, Calif., church, describes their recent forward step as a plan to receive "unbaptized Christians" into their membership.

This, it must be conceded, is incomparably better than the Christian Standard's phrase describing oriental Christians as "unbaptized heathen enrolled by denominational missionaries." Mr. Smither, at least, acknowledges that Presbyterians are Christians, members of the Church of Christ.

But the yoking together of these two words is a brand new heresy. The Christian Century is not omniscient, but it feels sure enough of its ground to affirm that nowhere in the Disciples' literature can a precedent be found for describing Presbyterians, Methodists and others as "unbaptized Christians." These two words have not been joined together in our characteristic thinking. The words are mutually contradictory. The Disciples have always taught that baptism was one of the "terms of pardon," that no one had the right to call himself a Christian, a member of the Church of Christ, who was not baptized. By what right, then, does Mr. Smither refer to a certain class of persons as "unbaptized Christians?"

Certainly not by the authority of the New Testament. There are no unbaptized Christians in the Book of Acts, nor are any such referred to in the Epistles. All apostolic Christians of whom we have any knowledge were baptized. Is Mr. Smither speaking "where the Scriptures speak" in this matter? Obviously not. The Scriptures would not tolerate his phrase, and the fact that the readers of the Christian Evangelist would tolerate it without objection only shows how far both from Scripture and our historic teaching a considerable body of the Disciples has wandered.

Or it may indicate what an eminent evangelist in a personal letter calls "mental paralysis due to great confusion of thought among us on the subject of baptism."

The Christian Century is determined to stand under the motto Thomas Campbell gave us, "Where the Scriptures speak we speak, and where the Scriptures are silent we are silent." The Scriptures give no authority for calling any unbaptized person a Christian or member of the Church of Christ, nor for calling any Christian person unbaptized.

The New Testament clearly teaches that baptism is the act of becoming a Christian, the confection and acceptance of membership in the Church of Christ, the very act of incorporation into the body of Christ.

Like Mr. Smither, we joyfully agree that Presbyterians, though unimmersed, are Christians, members of the Church of Christ. Unlike him, we cannot say that they are unbaptized.

If he has used his new term advisedly and wishes to continue to use it, we have no doubt that readers of his words would be instructed if he should explain to them how any person becomes a Christian, a member of the Church of Christ, without baptism.

We predict that a convincing response to this request would revolutionize our evangelism!

EDITORIAL TABLE TALK

General Booth

William Booth rose from obscurity to world-wide distinction. How? By cultivating an unoccupied field, the neglected classes. The fierce competition which marked other spheres of effort did not hinder him. He had the very poor and down and out people mostly to himself. In "darkest England" there was nobody to elbow him off the right of way. His personal qualifications for the prosecution of the work in his chosen field can be summed up in two words, compassion and courage. He was moved with compassion for the poor, and he had the courage to break from the conventional way of doing church work. Other men may have had as much compassion, but less courage—they could not put off a frock coat and white necktie, and put on a red shirt and military blouse. Booth could do these things. He won half his battle by changing the style of his



The Late General Booth.

wearing apparel, and by persuading young women that they could do more service for the Lord in poke bonnets than in picture hats. It was the sharpest break with ecclesiastical conventionalism that the modern church has seen. It took great grit to make the break. William Booth had the grit.

But to these two qualities we must also add genius for organization. The trouble with much work which is attempted among the neglected classes is lack of organization. A drunkard is reformed and let go; a down and outer is put on his feet and permitted to wander away; a woman is saved from the street and then left to herself. Booth did not make this mistake. He changed his title from minister to general and then took charge of everybody whom he conquered or converted. He lined them up and made them keep step with the music of fife and drum. People laughed, but it was a great game. It was the commander's way of keeping what he got instead of letting it wander away to the devil. It seemed arbitrary, almost despotic, but it was effective. A minor official who had been detailed to show the writer around the Salvation Army's posts in London remarked that surrender to higher authority was an absolute condition, that there was only one thing to do—obey. But

it made an efficient army, and the number of redeemed men seen on that round of investigation seemed to justify the means.

General Booth understood human nature, and English human nature in particular. The processions of all secret societies show how men like signs of distinction, gold braid, feathers in their hats, and stripes down their pants. And the English people have been looking upon the signs of nobility and royalty for a thousand years; and for a thousand years battalions of soldiers have marched along their streets. Yearning for an outer sign is in the blood. General Booth took it all in, and succeeded. Perhaps the only mistake which can be charged against him is the poke bonnet. To overshadow the pretty faces of fair young women with a creation so ugly as a poke bonnet is an offense not easily forgiven. However the general had his defense when the more recent monstrosities of fashion began to appear on the heads of women. Those who wear them are not in a position to poke fun at the army lassies.

But General Booth did a great work. He fought poverty, grim, dreadful, desperate poverty. He fought it in the clutch of the demon of drink, in the degradation of rags, starvation and the last ditch, in the blackness and horror of London slums, poverty hanging over the bottomless pit of the submerged. He did not build a nice house and wait for it to come to the door and rap, but he went where it was. He took it by the hand, brothered it, sistered it, saved it. A greater friend of the poor than General Booth has not appeared since that day when Jesus Christ went about doing good. He had the two first ideas of the gospel at the bottom of his heart, that lost men can be saved, and that they are worth saving. His first conviction rested upon full faith in the saving power of the gospel, and the second was amply sustained and justified by his experience. "We find some rare jewels among these men," said the London guide to the editor as he gazed fondly at a group of them lining up for dinner. They made valuable additions to the army. For they had not only natural talent, but also an experience which made them confident that other lost men could be saved. It was a work which accumulated strength with numbers.

Another effect of General Booth's work is seen in its effect upon other religious organizations. All have felt it. There was inspiration in it, example in it. Men in the Established Church, buttoned in gowns up to the chins, were stirred by it, and nonconformity took on new courage in its efforts to reach the masses.

The world, therefore, has much reason for the praise which it is according to General William Booth, and the more so because he was a general who saved men instead of killing them.

Big Funeral for Mikado

The official programme for the funeral of Emperor Mutsuhito, who died July 30th, has been issued. The services are to begin at 6 a. m., September 13th, when Emperor Yoshihito and the Empress Dowager will be present. At 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day the elder statesmen, the peers, all the high officials and the foreign representatives, among whom will be Philander C. Knox, American Secretary of State, are to assemble at the palace from which the procession will start at 8 p. m.

Emperor Yoshihito will not join the pro-

cession, but will meet it on the Aoyama parade ground. The line of march, which will be long, is to be interspersed with musicians, torchbearers and officials carrying emblems. The coffin of the Emperor is to be drawn by a team of oxen. Immediately after the arrival of the procession at Aoyama the funeral service will begin and will include the imposing Shinto ritual. After the services the Emperor will read a tribute to the dead monarch, and this will be followed by another read by the Empress Dowager, who will be succeeded by the ministers of state and others. At the close of this service the imperial train is to leave for Kjoto, but Emperor Yoshihito and the Empress Dowager will not travel on it. The train is scheduled to arrive at the station, especially built at Momoyama, at 5:10 p. m., September 14, and a procession similar to that arranged from the palace to the Aoyama parade grounds will be held. Tributes to the Emperor's memory will be read beside the tomb. Further services are to be held September 15th.

Nearing the Million

As the Church Extension Society nears its million dollar goal the pulse of every loyal Disciple quickens its beat. The goal must be reached and passed by September 30. To do so will thrill the Louisville convention and inspire the entire brotherhood. The plea of church extension is a great plea. Its function is to conserve the results of our evangelism. There is no good in sowing seed unless one has determined to conserve the growing crop and the ripened harvest. A church house holds the young church together. It provides the condition within which the "family" feeling may grow. It is hard for a congregation to feel its own unity until it has its own home. The house is the symbol of spiritual values and purposes. It serves a useful purpose itself in protecting the congregation from cold and rain, but its function is not wholly nor mainly utilitarian. It is idealistic. It constantly suggests the spiritual life. Its steeple points the whole community to the skies. Its arches and windows subdue the soul to reverence and devotion. Its social appointments constantly prompt to new forms of service.

Of elemental importance is it therefore that our young churches be given a chance to build their church home as early and as easily as possible. Except in rare cases they ought not be compelled to erect a house unaided. The whole brotherhood should have fellowship with the new congregation in this enterprise. This fellowship is of a piece with the impulse that prompts the parent to build a modest home as his wedding gift to his son or daughter. The Church Extension Society is the means by which the whole brotherhood plays the paternalistic role toward the young congregation setting up for itself. Church Extension does not make a gift of a house to any congregation, but it provides a way by which many a congregation may secure a house for itself, which would else be compelled to struggle along in a hall or disband altogether.

The entire month of September belongs to this great cause. Its appeal is made to the churches at a disadvantageous time. Many pastors are away during August. Most memberships are more or less disintegrated in the summer. The season's work has hardly begun when the Church Extension call is made.

This, however, should only spur every minister to yet more than ordinary efforts to make a creditable offering for this important work. If the first Sunday is not convenient, let some other Sunday in September be chosen. By no means let this Church Extension month go by without collecting the gifts of the people for this work at once so business-like and so gracious.

Our Presbyterian Neighbors

The annual minutes of the Presbyterian Church (north) are out for the year April 1911-1912, and they show that the denomination has made a net gain in membership of 25,005. This is just below 2 per cent of their previous membership. While the increase is not large, it is larger than the growth of the population—which was slightly over 8 per cent for the ten years intervening between the census of 1900 and that of 1910. That the figures are not inflated may be proven by the fact that during the past year the clerks of the 10,030 churches "charged off" more non-resident members than ever before, and the number of "deceased" was also greater. The number received on confession of faith reached almost 80,000, the number joining by letter being about equal to those dismissed. It is a significant fact that the Presbyterians received during the year 118 ministers from other denominations, while dismissing to them only two. Probably most of those coming into the ministerial ranks of the strong church are individual members of smaller Presbyterian bodies who solve the question of reunion in their own way. Despite all we hear of the dearth of candidates we note that the Presbyterians have 1,130 candidates for the ministry to 9,274 ordained ministers, and that they ordained 245 men last year to replace the 160 that died. On the whole the figures indicate vigor and growth, which impression is further deepened by the fact that they raised \$18,653,574 for congregational expenses during the same year and gave \$7,165,041 to charities through their regular church channels. The latter figures would be swelled two million more if the interest of their invested funds were added. All of which reminds us of a talk we heard between two neighbors of ours, one a Christian Scientist and the other a Presbyterian. The former was speaking boastingly of the numbers and wealth of the Christian Scientists in the United States, when his Presbyterian friend replied: "The one branch of Presbyterians to which I belong receives more members every year than you have now, and we give more every year than all your investments are worth." Which seemed to us an extreme statement—but the figures of the minutes for 1912 go far to justify it.

Protected and Taxed

Mr. Underwood of Alabama, leader of the Democratic House of Representatives, who was not nominated for the presidency, sets forth as he sees it the situation before the American consumer under the present tariff system. Mr. Underwood is an expert on tariff matters and deserves a listening ear. He says among other things: "Under the present oppressive tariff law the laboring man returns at night from his toil clad in a woolen suit taxed 75 per cent, shoes taxed 12 per cent, stockings and underwear taxed 71 per cent, a cotton shirt taxed 50 per cent, a wool hat and woolen gloves taxed 73 per cent. He carries a dinner pail taxed 45 per cent and greets his wife as he looks through a window pane taxed 62 per cent, with a curtain taxed 42 per cent. After scraping his shoes on an iron scraper taxed 75 per cent, he wipes them on a mat taxed 50 per cent. He lifts the door latch taxed

45 per cent, steps on a carpet taxed 62 per cent, and kisses his wife, clad in a woolen dress taxed 73 per cent. She is mending an umbrella taxed 50 per cent with thread taxed 30 per cent. The house is made of brick taxed 25 per cent and lumber taxed 9 per cent, with paint taxed 32 per cent. He uses a knife and fork taxed 50 per cent in eating salt fish taxed 10 per cent, bread 20 per cent, potatoes 22 per cent, salt 33 per cent, butter 24 per cent, and rice 62 per cent. He proceeds to read a book taxed 25 per cent and at the close of the day reclines in an iron-frame bed taxed 45 per cent. He is taken ill and the doctor prescribes medicine taxed 25 per cent; this being ineffective, he passes from this active sphere of life and his remains are deposited in a coffin taxed 35 per cent, which is conveyed to a cemetery in a wagon taxed 33 per cent." Mr. Underwood thinks that the American laboring man is taxed as well as protected, and he is.

Cigarette Vice in China

The Anti-Cigarette League and other anti-tobacco movements which have done so much to put cigarettes out of the reach of young Americans will now have a chance to work on the Chinese if they care to invade that country. Opium, for centuries the curse of the Chinese empire, has given way before the insidious American cigarette, while in America the cigarette is leading to a more general use of opium, according to Professor Albert Schneider, in charge of the United States bureau of chemistry at San Francisco. Following the campaign against opium in China, the "tobacco trust," through its American and European branches, sent an army of men into the empire and distributed free more than \$5,000,000 worth of cigarettes. Professor Schneider says boys and girls in China, many little more than able to walk without assistance, are confirmed cigarette "fiends." Professor Schneider said he had been told opium was put into the cigarettes now being sold in China.

Religions One at the Root"

Nothing seems to fit the present indifference in religion better than the Bahai's dictum that "All religions are one at the root." But the trouble is that we don't get our food from the root but from the tree. A walk through the grounds of any nurseryman would soon make that evident. The pomologist is looking for a hardy stock, and when he finds it he sets out hundreds of thousands, all alike. But by the time his scions are the size of a lead-pencil he grafts them with the fifty kinds of apples he means to put on the market. The root is the same but the branches are what he chooses. Christianity and Mohammedanism have the same monotheistic root, but one produces the home and the other the harem. Romanism and Protestantism have the same Nicene creed, but one produces the Inquisition and the other the Free School. Even the Baptist head who has come to America to preach about the "oneness" of the root must perceive the difference in the fruit, since he preaches freely in the American parlor what in his own home landed him in a Mohammedan prison.

Chicago's School Census

Chicago is large and still growing, according to the school census estimates of this year. The population of the city is 2,381,700. The school census figures, which are given in the report on the biennial school census filed with the board of education, are based upon the number of minors in the city, a total of 882,516. This total multiplied by the commonly used ratio of 2.7 gives the new estimate of the city's population. The cen-

sus shows a large increase in the number of persons below the age of 21 years. There are 443,854 males and 438,662 females, an increase of 68,401 minors in two years, the report of 1910 showing a total of 814,115. The census is the first taken since the ward reapportionment and cannot therefore form a basis of comparison with previous ward censuses. Among the features brought out in the report are: With a total of 187,976 babies under 4 years of age there is no race suicide in Chicago. The sixteenth ward, peopled largely by Poles, takes first honors in the city with 8,754 babies. There is an increase in the number of juveniles at work, possibly due to the high cost of living. Many alternate between work and school. The total of children whose parents are of foreign birth is 604,055, and of this number 50,791 are foreign born. The Germans lead among the foreigners as to the number of minors, with the Poles second. The Germans also lead in the number of marriages. Attendance at public and private schools of children between seven and fourteen years is the best within the city's history. There are 6,740 teachers in the public schools, 1,538 in the parochial schools and 1,347 in private schools other than parochial.

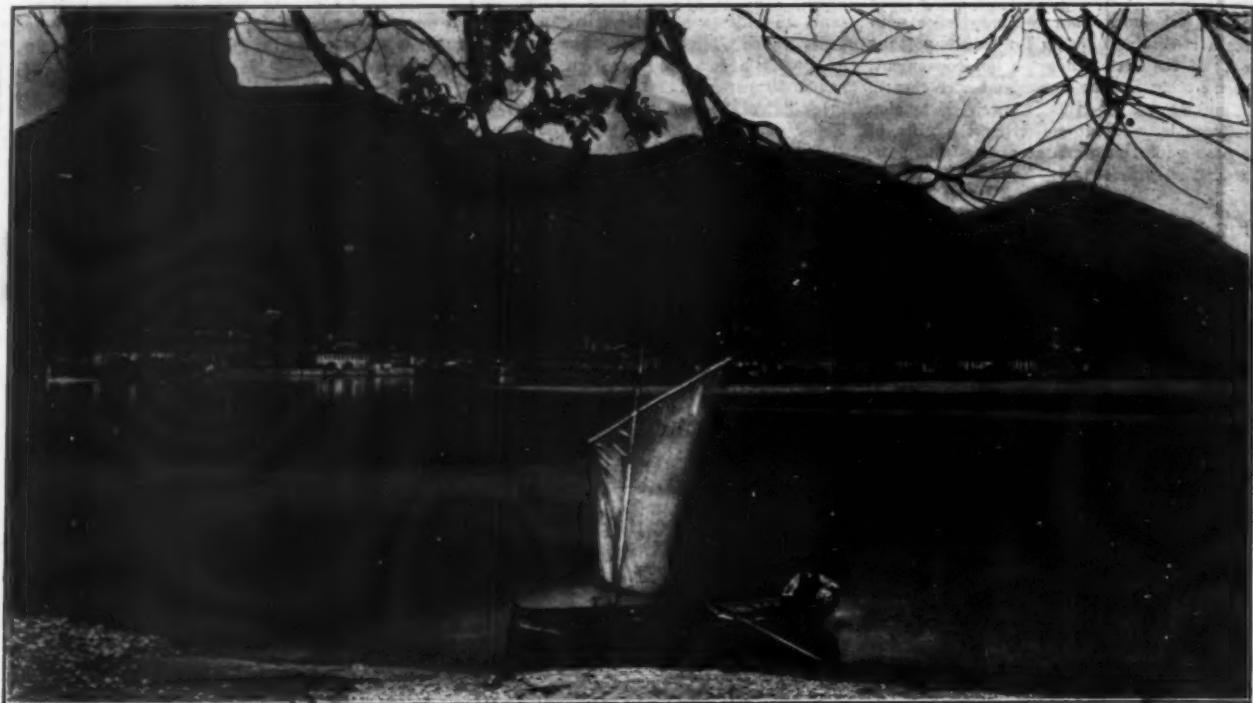
The Perennial Struggle

The greatest struggle going on in the philosophical realm to-day is the discussion concerning old facts and new theories. Old rocks and new geology. Old stars and new astronomy. Old flowers and new botany. Old life and new biology. Old Scriptures and new interpretation. Old religion and new theology. Old truths and new applications. This is the perpetual battle, ever in progress, between the old and the new.

Whitlock's Latest Book

Brand Whitlock, humanitarian, newspaper reporter, lawyer, clever fictionist and mayor of Ohio's beautiful city Toledo for three or four times, has gotten out a new book of short stories called "The Fall Guy," published by Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis. In the world of slang and queer expression the "fall guy" is the man who is caught when others get away; the man who is licked in a fight whether he deserves it or not; the man who is beaten in a race that perhaps he ought to have won. The "fall guy" in this book was a yeggman, "Curly," with a bit of tender sentiment that came forth from a far-away corner of his heart, and a smart, military stride that "even the lock-step had never quite worn out of his gait." He goes to prison to save a pal of the opposite sex, so we find him something of a hero and not a "fall guy" after all.

In the "Girl That's Down" we find another hardened character of the opposite sex, whom a strange new judge had just let go, starting the other way, the right way, when life had about closed its doors of opportunity to her with a companion just starting wrong whom she was going to help. Mr. Whitlock has a great sympathy for the under dog in life's battle, and his pen is wonderfully descriptive. His position that society is entirely responsible for its criminals is perhaps a strong one, but he entertains us and leaves us thinking; something that all writers do not do. We are always glad when he comes to the desk with his vivid description of "gay cats," "yeggs," "dips," "leather snatchers," "moll buzzers," "beaks," "bulls," life in "stir" and out of it and the world that this strange world comes in contact with. His "Turn of the Balance" was a great study in sociology by a great realist, and we want another one along the same line.



"Mountains lie round about it. Nestling at the base of the mountains are towns "unmistakably Italian."

Italy's Most Beautiful Lake

Lake Garda—Little Known and Rarely Visited

By Grace Dickerson

Why is it that Garda, the most imposing and in some ways the most beautiful of the Italian lakes, should be comparatively unknown? Its beauties were appreciated by Catullus and Dante, but it is little visited by the modern tourist. Indeed, it is one of its greatest charms that it is not haunted by the ordinary sight-seer and the inevitable accompaniment of couriers, guides, vendors of souvenirs and sham antiques. It is an unspoiled paradise, as yet, for those who may alight on their journey from Milan to Venice at the little station of Desenzano, or at Mora on the way from Innsbruck to Verona to explore its blue waters. "Blue" is not sufficient to describe the luminous, brilliant color of Lake Garda. One wishes to intensify the adjective; for the blueness seems tangible and unchangeable, although full of variety in shades. Mountains lie round about it, bold and rocky on the north, more verdant and wooded toward the south. Vineyards are everywhere along the lower slopes and the vegetation is semi-tropical.

The upper end of the lake reminds one unexpectedly of a Norwegian fjord, for, from its waters, heights of rocky mountain rise precipitous and bare. They form striking, bold promontories and these shut off the view beyond as do the rocky mountain sides of Norway. Like those, too, the mountains are bare of vegetation, and of human habitation. But here the resemblance ceases, for the northern waters are a deep, dark green and the northern skies are not those of sunny Italy. Nestling at the base of the mountains along the water's edge, also, are towns unmistakably Italian. The Austrian flag may float over some of them, but no country but Italy could produce them. Such fascinating towns! Such a confusion of pink and blue and buff houses! Such towers and campanile, such castles crowning the rocks! At the north lie the twin towns Riva and Torboli, with the long, crouching form of Monte Brione between them. Torboli is a pale yellow and pink town, but its reflection is a deep rose because of the red sea-walls which rise from out the waters overtopped by gardens of oleander, cypress and poplar and overgrown with drooping vines. Dirty, pretty children play along the quay; dark-hued women kneel on the stones to wash their clothes and beat them in the clear water, while fishermen dry their nets, and boats with yellow and tawny sails swing lazily at their moorings. Upon the hill rising straight above the quay is a fish-hatchery interesting to visit if the traveler has a mind to climb from one vine-covered terrace to another. He can there see the whole process of fish culture from the egg to the sturdy twenty-year-old fish. It is quite "the thing" to do, for Garda has been famous all through the centuries for her fish.

Within the town are dark, narrow streets, where pale children look out from the arched doorways of damp houses. There are fresh flowers below the Virgin's shrine on the wall, placed there by one who besought—what? and there up the steps of the church goes a baby to its christening. The mother walks proudly, as do mothers the world over, and looks resplendent in her long, red velvet cape, edged with heavy white lace six inches deep. To and from the fountain in the square tall women carry their copper water-jars as women have carried them for generations past. No doubt Goethe watched their ancestors just so, as he looked out from his window over the way while he penned the lines of his "Iphigenia."

Even more picturesque than Torboli is buff-colored Riva, with its red roofs and massive gray towers. It is seen to great advantage from the new road which wends its white way along the cliffs, now disappearing through tunnels only to emerge more beautiful as it skirts another rocky promontory.

From here the town gleams bright against its purple background of hills, and its gardens make contrasts of dark green between the stucco buildings. Up and down ply little boats with gay-colored sails. The best way, perhaps, to enjoy the scene is from one of those very boats with a saffron sail, rowed by a pleasant boatman who stands, as do the gondoliers, and keeps a golden silence while you sit in the shade of the sail and look and dream. When the day grows too warm he lands you with many a bow and a "grazie, signorina" at one of the gardens. Oh, those gardens! deep in shade of sycamore, poplar and cypress, fragrant with box and rose, cool with the sound of water dripping into marble basins!

The traveler takes a quick admiring glance at the fine public buildings of this little town; but in the gardens he lingers and dreams. After all, it is the imagination that puts an edge to the enjoyment of present beauty, and it is Italy's greatest charm that her atmosphere makes us dream and conjure up the history and romance of by-gone ages.

The little town of Torboli takes on a new interest when we remember that it was from her shore that the fleet of galleys from Venice was, in 1438, launched upon the blue waters for the purpose of defeating the visconti who held the territory around Lake Garda. Then was seen the strange sight of vessels resting on a mountain-top as the huge galleys were somehow gotten over the heights of Monte Baldo and with great peril down its precipitous slopes to the harbor of Torboli. This was a tremendous feat of engineering performed in the fifteenth century.

So it is all along the shores of the lake—present beauty of color, of form, of sound, and fragrance, is everywhere enhanced by the imagination which revives old scenes and ages past.

The little steamer sails at noon-time from Riva, and plying back and forth across the lake, touches at the towns which cling to the narrow strip of land between the abrupt mountains and the water. Each has its own beauty or picturesqueness. Limone, looking at a distance like a huge empty honey-comb, appears, on near view, a town of glaring white posts covered with trellis against which are trained the lemon trees which furnish thousands of lemons for exportation. The crags above the town are rugged but they soften into the shimmering green of olive trees. Off the quay are anchored small government torpedo boats with electric search-lights to find out smugglers.

The steamer makes but a short stop and presently turns its prow across the lake again toward a rocky promontory crowned by the castle of Malcesine—a massive, brown castle, its machicolated bastions rising one above another surmounted by a square tall tower. Remnants of a machicolated wall show how the town which nestled near the castle was once protected. Three castles are the glory of Lake Garda; and there is none more splendid and romantic in all Italy. Malcesine commands the finest position of them all, on its lofty rock foundation rising sheer from out the lake and over-shaded by the heights of Monte Baldo. It dates from the time of Charlemagne and was, no doubt, a fortress of great importance, since it commands one of the principal approaches to the Venetian provinces from Austria. It was, during many years when Venice held sway over the lake, the residence of the officers of the Venetian republic. Goethe had a curious adventure here during that period. It was long before the days of camera snap-shots, but a simple sketch of the fortress effected the same result—the arrest of the man who took it. Goethe was imprisoned within its walls on suspicion of being an Austrian spy and it took some time and pains to convince the authorities of his distinguished identity.

The traveler wishes he could remain and pore over the histories to discover all the incidents and romances of medieval times which centered around the battlements of Malcesine. Meantime the steamer has put off and the traveler must stand at the stern to take a last look at the picture; the bold mountain background, the surrounding green of ancient olives (the finest in Italy), the imposing, massive pile of the castle on its promontory and the little boats with tawny sails which ride at anchor by the stone sea-wall.

Almost too rapidly it grows dim and the steamer is soon passing under the mountain of rock on the opposite side the lake; where Tremosine clings to its crags at the dizzy height of a thousand feet; then by Campione and its orange-colored cliffs, to Gargnano a more pretentious place with villas of white marble where prosperous inhabitants of Milan and Verona fleet the time gaily among their gardens. The humblest houses here are often decorated with porches and pillars of marble. Here begins the so-called Riviera di Salo, a district unsurpassed for beauty of scenery, climate and vegetation. This region is a favorite winter resort, because the climate is delightfully mild. Never but once in many centuries have the waters of Lake Garda been known to freeze, for they are fed by hot springs. The gardens grow even more luxurious with masses of oleander,

brilliant hibiscus and salvia; varieties of cactus, the yucca gloria, the giant rosemary and other almost-tropical growths.

Tuscolano, with its lemons and sentinel cypresses; Moderno, with its grapes like those of Escalon; Fazano and Gardone, with their villas and pergolas and entrancing gardens; all lure the traveler ashore and make him vow a speedy return to this land of beauty and romance.

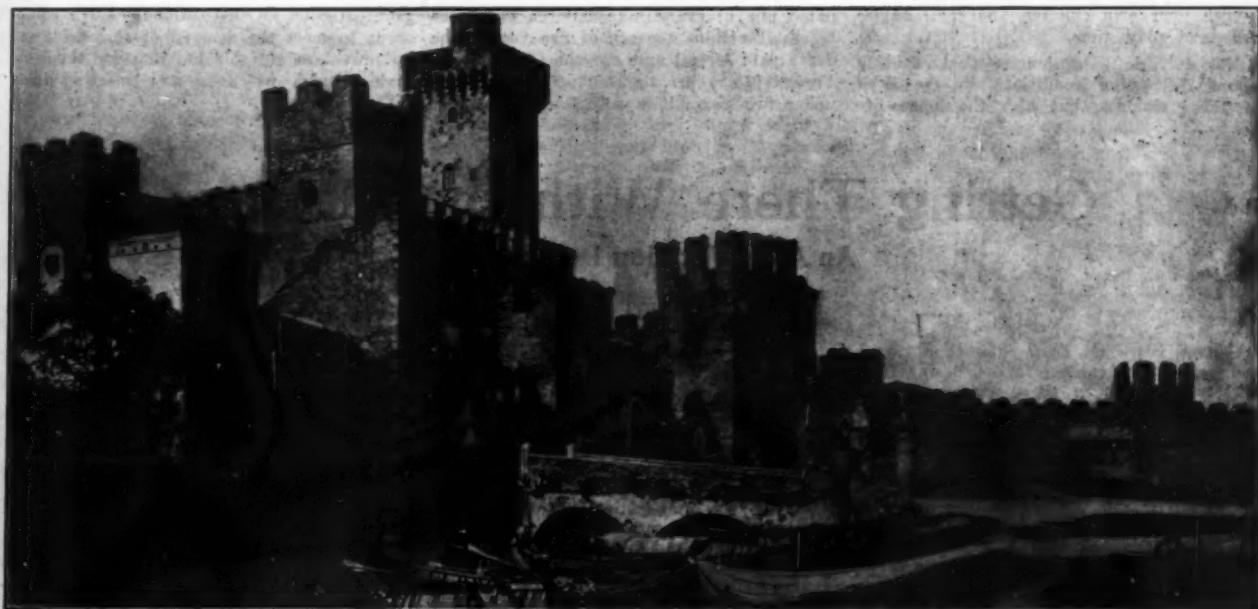
Across the lake, meanwhile, the lovely point of Vigilio and its long lines of bayonet-like cypress trees beckon, and the island where rise the ornate marble walls of the Borgese's villa. These things should be explored and admired at close range.

Suddenly the great mass of the fortress of Lazise appears, and this must be visited at once. It is a magnificent pile of feudal keep, walls and towers, a great square block, battlemented and imposing. It was a Scaliger stronghold, when the Scaligers were the tyrant princes of Verona, and its walls could tell of forays and sieges, of cruelty and wrong.

Lake Garda cannot offer anything further, the tourist thinks, yet there is still to come the city of Sato, once a Roman military station, with interesting buildings and a history all its own. Finally there is Sermione. The grim walls of this third castle, built on Roman ruins, rise on a long, low promontory near Desenzano, at the southern end of the lake. At sight of its battlements and stately towers the traveler longs to be a Sir Walter or a Marion Crawford, to be able to people it with the warlike Scaligers, who guarded the approaches to Verona, or with the "grave signors of Venice, ambassadors of the republic, pacing up and down in their furred robes, in earnest converse with the tyrants of Verona as to how best to check the arrogant pretensions of the Vatican in its perpetual struggle to extend its temporal dominions. He will see bands of trembling Waldensians seeking shelter from the barbarous tortures and cruel deaths of the future 'Saint' Count Charles Barromeo, cardinal, and secretary of state to the Vicar of Him who preached charity to all men!" He will hear the sound of the lute, perhaps, and of forgotten love-making which must have gone on in the summer nights beneath these battlements in spite of war and carnage. Perhaps he will see the form of Queen Adelaide, wife of Lothario, king of Italy, flit past the tiny window of the grotto where she was hidden for a time after Brother Martino had rescued her from the Torre di Garda, where she had been imprisoned by her husband's murderer, because she refused to marry him.

He will certainly see Dante's austere figure leaning over the parapet, for tradition says he was sheltered in Sermione on his exile way to the court of Verona. By and by the traveler who can dream will see French troops quartered in the castle and entrenched under its reddish-brown walls, while Napoleon looks down from its battlements as he lays siege to Peschiera.

Yes, there are almost countless scenes to conjure up, countless romances to dream as one walks about the mediæval walls of Sermione. And around about are the gray-green olive trees, gnarled and ancient; at one's feet lie the blue waters of the lake sparkling in the warm sunshine, encircled by mountains capped with Alpine snows. Alpine snows! Yet in this marvelous region each breeze is drenched in fragrance from gardens filled with tropic bloom.



"The grim walls of the castle were built on Roman ruins."

Lake Garda—The Castle of Sermione.

Working the Immigrant Child

How Industry Does Its Worst to Stunt Their Lives

By Charles B. Drake

Vice-President Disciples' Missionary Union, New York City.

During the year ending June, 1911, 730,642 immigrants entered the United States through the port of New York. The hope of this city is the children of the immigrants. At the present time, the New York Child Labor Committee states that these children from three to twelve years of age are working fifteen hours a day in their homes and in the sweat-shops.

If the reader of this article is a woman, I wish she would meditate on this fact when she puts on her hat trimmed with willow plumes. These plumes, as you know, are made of tiny ostrich feathers called "flues," each two to three inches long, and the handsome long plume is made by tying these flues together in a double knot. The willow plumes are almost all made by children and they are paid one cent for tying forty knots. Just think of it! Let the reader take forty pieces of string, each piece two inches long, and tie them together in double knots and see how long it takes, and then imagine receiving one cent as your wages. These children, from four to twelve years of age, working from six in the morning until nine at night, fifteen hours, by constant application can earn sixty cents a day.

The children of the immigrants also manufacture artificial flowers. These flowers have fourteen leaves and fourteen berries in a single spray, and three children working eleven hours a day are able to make sixty cents. These children from eight to ten years of age with an average work day of fifteen hours also manufacture garters, receiving five cents for one dozen pairs, the average daily output being five dozen pairs. Babies' crochet booties are made by children for which they are paid twenty cents a dozen pairs; possible output per hour, one pair; and the retail selling price of these booties is twenty-five cents a pair. Contrast these children as they labor day after day—and there are thousands of them—with your own children and their happiness and play time.

Not only do these long work-days bring about distressing conditions in the lives of these children, but also the home life

and environment shorten very materially their lifetime. One block alone, bounded by Broadway, East Houston, Crosby and Prince streets, contains seventy-seven factories and they employ 40,000 workers. The density of industry has created a congestion of population and traffic in nearby blocks

but in this block it was 24.9 per thousand for all ages, and for those under five years it was 92.2 per thousand.

The seventeenth ward of Brooklyn, where the Greenpoint Church of Disciples is located, has a population of 89,000, with over 70 per cent foreigners, and the only hope of



Artificial flower-making at 20 cents a day. Youngest child working is five years old.

unequaled anywhere. This part of New York City is the leading clothing-making center of the world, which accounts for the number of men and women and even little children constantly carrying large bundles of clothing through the streets of this section. The New York shop workers and home finishers alike feel that they must live close to the shops to save carfare. Hence hosts of them crowd the tenements of this section. In the single block designated one of every nine children born dies before it attains the age of five years. The death rate for all ages for the City of New York is 18.35 per thousand, and for those under five years it was 51.5 per thousand;

work in this section is through a well-equipped Institutional church building where the children of the immigrants may be taught sewing, dressmaking, domestic science and given an elementary education; and where the boys may be taught manual training and equipped for an honorable position in life. The American Christian Missionary Society has fully realized the needs of this work and launched a campaign for the raising of \$60,000 to give the Greenpoint Mission an Institutional church equipment to meet the demand of this field, and to provide a suitable building for the Russian Mission which is now meeting in a rented basement.

Getting There With the Message

An After-Vacation Determination

By William E. Barton

Sixteen years ago there came to Boston a company of Armenian refugees, fleeing from persecution. Among them was one family of patriarchal proportions—a father with five married daughters, their husbands and children. The daughters had married young, and their families were not small, and I am not sure how many there were altogether. The ship arrived Sunday morning, and one of my good members who was particularly interested in the Armenian massacre brought this family and others of their company to the church of which I was pastor. I think it was the very first building they entered on this side of the ocean. I remember how they looked that first morning, and how they participated in the service

as best they could. I should think there were not less than forty of them, including this large family and their friends.

They united with that church. I remember their struggles in adjusting themselves to the new country, and they did well. They were honest, industrious, keen and alert, and they have thriven in their new country.

Among the grandchildren was a girl of five, who dimly remembers, but with affection, "my first minister." If you add together the five years which she saw in Turkey, and the sixteen since she came to America you can estimate her present age with reasonable accuracy. When you add to that the fact that she is a girl of pleasing face and pleasant disposition, that she has had

the advantages of the Boston schools and speaks English quite as accurately as you do, and that Armenian young men are not blind, you may give a fairly good guess at the next thing I am about to tell you.

The pastor was away on his vacation. He is making a fine record in the church, and the people love him and are responding to his efforts. But he was away on his vacation, and the young people wanted to be married. And they sent for their "first minister," and he came in from his summer home and married them.

Perhaps you think it was a little home wedding. You may guess again. It was a church wedding, and not a small one. I have married many couples in that dear 'old

church, and few if any of them with more of pomp and circumstance. The wedding was not in the vestry, but in the main auditorium, with the great organ booming the wedding march—Lohengrin for the processional and Mendelssohn for the recessional, just as it was when you were married. There were orange blossoms, and bridesmaids and ushers in evening dress, and a beautiful bride, and an embarrassed but resolute bride-groom, just as when you were married.

The Reception.

After it was over, there was a reception in the vestry. There were excellent refreshments, with just enough reminiscence of Turkey to be pleasant. There was an Armenian orchestra playing the Angel's Serenade, and that pretty thing from Pensotti, and playing them well. There was a soloist singing, "Then you'll remember me," and other airs from the Italian opera, and he was an Americanized Armenian like the rest.

This large family had been busy marrying. By the time they got together the relatives acquired in sixteen years of America and a thousand years in Turkey, there was no small crowd. And they were nice looking people.

The Smallest Flower-Girl.

They had the smallest flower girl that ever was. I think she was not more than three years old. She was radiant in a charming little white frock made for her in Turkey. Yes, and it had the smallest buttons that ever were put on a little girl's dress. I know, because the dress got spotted coming to church in an automobile—yes, they came in automobiles; this was no cheap wedding—and the wedding had to halt while the dress went to the cleaner, who did a hurry-up job on it. And when it came back good as new, everybody had on white kid gloves, new and stiff, and I had to button the little girl's dress. The mother of the little girl grew fearful that the little tot would have stage fright when she started down the church aisle, but she did not. As soon as the procession entered the church, the little girl at the very head, the mother pointed to me at the other end of the church, and whispered, "Take the basket of flowers to the minister." And the little girl never saw but one man in that church, and I was that man. She walked a straight line down the aisle, and came to the pulpit smiling and determined. She arrived.

A Messenger Boy.

She might have illustrated the theme of this little chat. But even more than I recall her, I have in my mind's eye another person who appeared that evening. After the reception, and while the refreshments were serving, the bridal party sat enthroned in the front of the vestry facing all Armenian America, and with them sat the minister, and the great-grandfather, the old patriarch of all. While we were seated there in more of state than often comes to people, in came a messenger boy with a telegram for the bride and groom. They tried to stop him at the door, but he walked in. An usher halted him, or tried to, but he had his eye on the happy couple, and strode down the aisle. He was larger than the little girl of whom I have been telling you, yet not so much larger after all. The two biggest things about him were his A. D. T. cap, and a red boil on the back of his neck. He did not remove either of them as he approached the bridal party. He handed over the yellow envelope with one dirty hand, and presented his book for signature with the other. He stood eying the whole affair, not with disapproval, but with conscious superiority. Marrying and giving in marriage, flying from Armenia and making a new home in a strange land were nothing to him. He was there delivering a message, and he delivered it.

An Angry-Looking Boil.

The boil on his neck was an angry-looking affair. When I was a boy all boys had occasional boils on the back of their necks. They came in the spring, and were alleged to be worth five dollars each to any boy. However, lest a boy should become too val-

able there was fed to him sulphur and molasses—did you ever have any of it?—to clear out his blood. This boy had not outgrown those good old unhygienic days. The bride and groom may not have seen the boil. The audience probably sat too far back to notice it. But from my throne at the end of the receiving line, I saw it in desile, and it added to the boy's picturesqueness. It was a suggestion of a motor behind the brain, giving it stern determination.

But it may not have been the boil at all that furnished the momentum. It may have been merely the boy himself, who had simple knowledge that it was his business to deliver the message, and get a receipt, and who meant to do it if there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roof, or as many

boils on the neck as there are freckles on the noses of the returning summer girls. It was no concern of his who married or gave in marriage—it was his job to deliver the message and get a receipt.

He Delivers the Message.

I have been thinking of that boy in these closing days of the summer vacation. I am returning to take up my work, and so are the other pastors. The delivery of the message—that is the great thing. To have a message, and to know what it is and where to take it, that is the great task of the preacher. The messenger boy was no beauty, but he had in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made, and great preachers also. He had a message to deliver, and he delivered it.

WHY WE LIKE THE PSALMS

BY J. A. ADAMS.

When I take up my Bible in the morning it is not merely to "have prayers," but to get strength for the day's work and light for its difficulties, and I find myself drawn with continuous interest to the psalms. My explanation is that the psalms are at once so human and so divine. I talk over the telephone wires to a man on the other side of the city or in a neighboring town. But here is this man in the "psalm country" talking to me across lands and ages. Since his day empires have come and gone and revolutions swept over the earth like troubled visions of the night; the world has changed again and again, and yet this poet of Israel talks to us as if nothing had changed. He gets nearer to us than any poet of Greece or Rome, or any man of song that ever breathed upon time the rhythm of his verse. We feel his heart throbs, and there is a fire in his mind that kindles, a light in his thought that neither goes out nor dims with age; it shines right into our inmost souls.

A True Brother Man.

There may be disputes about who he was, but none about what he was. He was a brother man, that is certain. He was as human as you can find them. There is nothing artificial or conventional about him. He is not posing, or talking to the "galleries," or to scholars, or high or low, or rich or poor. He is talking himself, what is in him, and there is much in him. He is also much in contact with the world about him. Life touches him at every point. He is a man in trouble and in tears. He has enemies and conflicts and there are days when all the waves roll over him, and other days when he is at the top and shouting victory. This man also has conflicts within, his doubts and fears, times when his feet almost slip, when life's great questions surge around him in ghastly confusion, and there are other times when he stands on a rock and faces all situations with a smile of triumph. So human is he that whatever our experiences, he says to us, "I have been there."

Poetry of the Divine Life.

But this is not all of the man who wrote psalms. Back of him is God. Or rather in him is the voice of God, above him is the rule of God and around him are the ways of God. His psalms are the poetry of the divine life in man. He is a sinner, but a forgiven sinner, and God gets the glory. He is weak but also strong and the strength comes from God. He has enemies, but God is his friend and that settles the matter. He can fight battles, but it is God who teaches him how to fight. There are battles which are lost, but it is God's cause, and therefore the battle is not lost. In all the wail of sorrow which gives pathos to the psalms or in the outbreaks of anguish which sometimes make them so tumultuous there

is no lost cause. He wins victories, but they are God-given. His joys, his happiness, his hopes, all run back to the divine source. "All my springs are in thee," he exclaims.

A Present God.

Everywhere he sees God. The men who think that a "present God" is a discovery of the modern man have not read this man of the psalms. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that God was outside of his creation, or that he had wound it up and was sitting down and looking at it go. God was always around, and sometimes so near that he made the psalmist's flesh quiver. That is why his words so thrill us now.

He saw nature, wondered at its marvels and confessed its fascinations and its power. But God was greater than nature. It was servant of the Divine Ruler, not his master, nor something with such a set program that he cannot touch it without upsetting the universe. There was room for prayer. And unless we can pray how long will we continue to praise? If we cannot ask God to do anything for fear of overturning all law and order, how can we praise him for doing something? There will be nothing for Thanksgiving day but to play ball and eat turkey, and the preachers will talk politics and discuss the divorce problem. Atheism will not be any the less atheism because we call it science or progress or modern thought.

Psalmist an Optimist.

It was because the man of the psalms saw God in power that he could be so thankful for what was going to be. He had his very dark times, we shudder when we read about them now, but he could always see light ahead. He looked down the ages and proclaimed victories. And so it is now. Things are not as they should be, but faith in God says that they are going to be better. A day or worship is a proclamation of God, and along with it gratitude for the past and hope for the future.

Thirteen thousand three hundred and fifty-two families in Chicago were aided by the United Charities in 1911, according to the annual report of the organization. The report, which covers the twelve months ending September 30, 1911, shows 3,000 more cases were attended than the year before, an increase of 30 per cent. This, however, is not regarded with any alarm, considering the remarkable increase in the population of the city during that period. The work done, however, is asserted to be the biggest year in the history of the organization. "Neighborly service" was rendered to 1,876 homeless ones during the year, or 607 more than the year before. The Elizabeth McCormick memorial fund during 1911, acting through the United Charities, cared for 1,157 sick babies in nine fresh air tents.

THE HIGH CALLING

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS."

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CHAPTER 14 (Continued.)

His gestures were wide and conveyed tender invitation. He spoke only a few moments more and ended abruptly. Old Peshlekiet-setti gently dropped a root of dowieg bush on the almost extinct fire. The coals burst into a new flame and the light flared up again, showing to Felix, Helen's wondering face framed in the opening fold of the wagon cover, while Mrs. Douglas close by her was listening with sympathetic attention deepened into reverent surprise when Elijah Clifford with his hands over his knees, his head bowed, prayed the evening prayer in a spirit that seemed to proclaim another man from the one they had known during the day. And then another hymn in which all were asked by Miss Gray to join. It all smote Felix with a feeling of wonder, it was so new and unusual to his experience. But to Masters and Miss Gray and Clifford it was the regular daily habit of their lives, as common and necessary to them as it was for the tourist crowd looking on to close the day's life with a heavy dinner of seven courses and bridge whist into the next morning. The last glimpse Walter had of Van Shaw as he moved off towards his own wagons was the look he cast at Miss Gray again and then transferred to the canvas that covered the chuck wagon where Helen and her mother sat talking over the strange events of the day and its strange ending.

The next day was a severe experience for old desert travelers. The wind blew almost a gale. The sand drifted like snow and the midday meal was taken standing, everyone eating as best he could, standing up, and making no attempt at the setting of a table or the formality of a regular meal.

Late in the afternoon the grey rock of Oraibi showed through the whistling sand storm. The wagons halted a little while by the Oraibi Wash before making the last miles through the difficult sand hillocks at the foot of the cliff. And it was during this resting period that word came to Masters from one of the Hopis who had a corn field on the Wash that recent rains at Oraibi had so damaged the wagon trail leading to the top that it would be impossible to drive up. All visitors and tourists must walk up the foot trail.

"That means that Helen can't get to the village. It will be a great disappointment," said Mrs. Douglas.

It was on the tongue of Felix Bauer to suggest a plan for carrying Helen up the trail on one of the camp cots when Van Shaw struck in.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas, but it will be an easy thing to carry Miss Douglas up the trail on a camp cot. Four of us can do it easily. Just put some tent poles under the sides and let the two behind rest the poles on their shoulders and the two in front carry lower. In that way I'm sure we can get Miss Douglas to the top without any inconvenience to her. It would be a shame to come all this distance and eat all this dirt and miss the real thing after all."

"I don't want to miss it, of course," Helen faltered, looking at the group of young men, Walter, Felix, Van Shaw and his two

friends. "But I'm giving a lot of trouble and I'm afraid I'm a nuisance."

"Then we will abate it by carrying you up there," said Van Shaw smiling, and Helen smiled back at him, to Felix Bauer's rage. The whole thing was getting to be torture to him. And it all intensified his determination to have a plain talk with Mrs. Douglas. The opportunity for it was not easy. Mrs. Douglas was close by Helen nearly every moment. The camp duties were many and the little company was of necessity grouped close together during the march. But Bauer with his regular stock of dogged patience bided his time, sure it would come.

Camp was pitched that night at the foot of the Oraibi trail. Almost as soon as the wagons were located Van Shaw came over to Mrs. Douglas carrying a cot.

"We've got an extra cot, Mrs. Douglas, and it won't take any time to fix that litter. We can use some of our tent poles. I'll be glad to fix the thing up in the morning."

Mrs. Douglas thanked him quietly, and Helen expressed her gratitude.

"Oh, I wouldn't miss seeing the sight tomorrow for anything. Isn't it wonderful. That rock? How weird it all is. Why, you can hardly tell where the rock begins and the houses leave off. Just to think of seven or eight hundred people living up there all these centuries keeping up these queer customs. And oh, look! What is that?"

A line of Indian women filed past up the trail about twenty-five feet apart, each one carrying on her back a large clay water jar. They did not walk, they trotted along in a tireless steady stride that spoke of centuries of training before them. The weight of the jars was not far from thirty pounds.

Masters was passing Helen's wagon.

"That's woman's rights," he said gravely. "The water supply at Oraibi for centuries has been jars on the backs of women. You must get used to thinking of seven hundred people dependent on the daily trips of these women for all the water used on top of that rock for washing, cooking, drinking. The women of Oraibi also have the right of building the houses the men live in. They are the masons, while the men are the dressmakers. And there are people who would like to keep these women perpetually at these tasks, they say it is so 'picturesque'."

"I was just going to say that myself," said Helen.

Masters smiled sadly. "Look at the mothers in Oraibi tomorrow. See what heathenism has done for them." He passed on and Van Shaw who had stared at Masters as he spoke said to Helen—"They're queer beggars, ain't they. But I don't believe in trying to change them. They belong here. Might as well let 'em go on the way they've been going the last thousand years."

Helen looked at him with the first feeling she had had of possible distrust or dislike. Van Shaw had spoken just as he really felt, and Helen saw a brief way into his real character. But as she looked again at the winding figures steadily trotting up the steep path, she had a momentary doubt in her own mind as to the ultimate wis-

dom of Masters and Clifford in trying to change the century old customs and habits of these desert people.

The day of the snake dance at Oraibi dawned strangely with a heavy shower.

"They're getting their answer to their prayer before they offer it," said Mr. Douglas to Clifford as they sat up on their rugs and listened to the downpour on the tent.

"It has no effect on them," replied Clifford. "The snake dance means a prayer for rain for the whole season. This rain the poor devils believe is an answer to their prayer made two years ago. It's a little late in getting here but every drop of water between the two dances is so accounted for."

By the middle of the forenoon it had cleared up and the two parties, increased by other tourist crowds that had come in during the night, proceeded to climb the trail into Oraibi.

Van Shaw and his two friends in spite of the rain had got up early and finished making the litter. When the moment came for Helen to be transferred to it there was an embarrassing halt and the young men eyed one another. Felix was determined to be one of the carriers and Walter was bound to be another. Van Shaw seemed to take for granted that as he was the one who had suggested the affair he should be another. The two friends from Pittsburg protested that they would be desolate if not allowed to help.

Felix and Walter had gone to the head of the cot and seized the ends of the tent poles and Van Shaw had stepped up to one of the poles at the other end when Esther, who perhaps sensed some electricity in the air not caused by the recent thunder storm, said to Paul:

"You take hold with Mr. Van Shaw, Paul, and let Mr. Coleman and Mr. Calder take their turn later. The trail looks very steep. I'm sure you will need to be relieved occasionally."

They started accordingly and Helen laughingly complimented her cavaliers as they picked up the cot and after several trials discovered the most effective way of handling it.

The trail was bounded on one side by the Oraibi cemetery. The recent rains had washed some of the bodies out of their graves made in the loose gravel of the steep hill. The trail wound up sharply, disclosing at every turn some new marvel of the limitless expanse below. A Hopi came out on a ledge far above them and chanted his song to the sun. Every step brought the party nearer the queer built houses and the kivas with their projecting ladders. Other visitors and tourists were on the trail in front and the progress was slow. Several stops were made and changes occurred in the order of carriers, but when the top of the rock was reached, Masters, who with Mrs. Masters and Miss Gray were close behind the litter, suddenly exclaimed, "There is Talavenka!" pointing to the roof of the first house fronting the trail. A Hopi maiden, distinguished by her whorl of hair as unmarried, stood by the ladder, smiling down at the party.

(To be continued.)

MODERN WOMANHOOD

Conducted by Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison will be glad to receive communications from any of her readers offering suggestions concerning woman's welfare, criticisms of articles or inquiries concerning any matters relevant to her department. She should be addressed directly at 530 Elm Tree Lane, Lexington, Ky.

NOT AN UNREASONABLE LAMENT

A discouraged leader of a woman's club asked me the other day to write something about the irresponsibility of certain women in organized work. She said she felt thoroughly disheartened, because the absolutely reliable woman was so hard to find—that her price was indeed beyond rubies; sometimes she felt driven to the conclusion that the man in the Bible who said, "I go, sir," and went not, must have been a woman! This was after a trying season with several members of her club who had promised her to write papers, or to be on her program, and who, one after another, had failed her when the time came.

This page is not in the habit of dwelling on the shortcomings of women, yet it would not be worthy of its name if it were not willing at times to inflict the wounds of a faithful friend—so it must be confessed that there are some grounds for the lament of the club leader.

Forms of Irresponsibility.

There is the woman who joins the society under an impulse of enthusiasm and good fellowship, and as long as the programs are entertaining (without her help, generally), and the social feature delightful, she is regular in her attendance; but when the evil days of lukewarmness, of indifference, of falling-off of the weak come, then she drops her membership and seeks solace in some new field of organized effort. How often a faithful few keep the torch of missionary zeal afame among the women of a church, or even of a whole community! In a certain church, for more than a year, only three women held their monthly meetings, and kept the missionary spirit alive there; now they are privileged to see the fruits of their fidelity, for they have one of the best auxiliaries in the state, numbering more than seventy-five women.

Unwillingness to Bear Common Burden.

Or this irresponsibility may take the form of seeming faithfulness to an organization, but of unwillingness to bear a share in its common burdens. Is it fair, after you have elected your president and secretary and treasurer, to feel that you have done your whole duty when you have cast your ballot for them and leave them to bear the burden of the year's work alone? The ideal president is not one who does all the work herself—her main function is to inspire others to do it. Her motto is, "Ask, and it shall be given you"—and if you persistently refuse her appeals for help, you are failing in fidelity to her and the cause she represents.

Most Aggravating.

Here is a form of irresponsibility that is most aggravating. A number of women meet, or a number of clubs meet, and pass a series of fine resolutions—say to get a woman on the board of trustees of some state institution, or to advance school suffrage among women, and pledge their clubs to promote the good cause in their respective localities—and then go back to their homes, and straightway forget what manner of force they have set in motion, and leave their hapless officers and committees to wrestle alone with the legislative powers that be. The special committee appointed for the work of course bears the brunt of the battle; but it has the right to expect the loyal

support of all women in the organization who have voted for the measure.

The Woman Who Refuses to Vote.

You cannot fail to note a trying form of irresponsibility in the woman who declines to express herself, either by word or vote, when some resolution is before her society. Of course, I do not allude to matters where the vote is merely perfunctory, but when things of real moment are at stake. We need to cultivate intelligent convictions, and vote either for or against any difficult question. I sometimes think that the habit of voting in the negative is one that should be more largely emphasized in women's organized work. We are too apt to throw all responsibility for action on a few, and then, if affairs do not turn out prosperously, to say virtuously, "I never approved of that—I did not vote for it,"—forgetting that if you do not vote against a motion you vote for it, for silence gives consent.

An Abandoned Prerogative.

But the worst form of irresponsibility among women is a certain changeableness of mind, both in business and organized work. The old fiction that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind is a thing of the past among intelligent, up-to-date women, yet we see persistent survivals of it, even at this good day. Hardly any one would claim it as a right now, but it is an unconscious result of long years of dependence, and being set apart, not only as different from men, but as essentially inferior to them.

While women are so large a factor in the business world to-day, with fully seven millions of them engaged in all of the three hundred wage-earning occupations except nine, yet it is within the memory of some now living when the home was practically her only workshop. All she had to do was to perform the labor; she received no direct wage for her work, and neither the management nor the investment of the capital of the household was hers.

A Premium on Irresponsibility.

Hardly one woman in a thousand forty years ago had an individual bank account; a woman did not know how to draw a check, or execute a deed or lease—all she had to do was to sign her name when she was told to do so. The planning, the decisive word, was for the man of the house. All of this discouraged self-reliance, and put a premium on irresponsibility. In fact, self-reliance and decision of character were popularly considered masculine traits and unlovely in woman—yet both are absolute essentials in all co-operative work, both in the business and social world.

Every intelligent, thinking being is bound to change his point of view at times—growth itself means change. One has a different outlook in a secluded valley from the panorama that spreads before him when he climbs the mountain heights. But that change is only permissible as far as his own personal interests are concerned; when other interests are involved, change must be a matter of mutual consent. The inviolable sanctity of the written or spoken word is practically the basis of all business to-day; hardly any money is used in the payment of obligations—it is the "I promise to pay,"

whether on note or check, that is behind all financial transactions.

Rights Involve Duties.

In the new duties that are being laid upon us in the world of business, of social service, of citizenship, we must lay aside all remnants of the old irresponsibility like an outworn garment—we must feel that when we have entered into an agreement with others to do a thing, we must do it, if the heavens fall. To think of changing our minds, when other interests besides our own are involved, is not only childish irresponsibility but is unworthy and unethical. The "more life and fuller" that we are craving and receiving carries with it not only its rewards and blessings but its obligations and penalties; as we receive the one, let us not shrink from the other.

I. W. H.

Portugal Gives Women Votes

From the new Portuguese Republic comes the report that under the electoral law, just passed, a limited number of women in Portugal have been given the parliamentary franchise. The same law puts a property qualification on the men, but so slight a one that manhood suffrage is practically established. However, the number of women enfranchised by this law will be comparatively small because of the age limit and educational test.

About a year ago Dr. Carolina Angelo, a woman who since died, entered her name on the registry as a citizen. Her application for the vote formed a test case. The judge ruled that she was entitled to citizenship. By this legal decision women in Portugal were declared eligible for the franchise on the same grounds as men. By the new law, the senate has now partially confirmed this legal decision by granting the vote to women over 25 years of age, who have passed a certain educational test.

Woman's Doings

—Mrs. Bramwell Booth has for many years been the chief assistant of her husband, the new head of the Salvation Army throughout the world. When he was chief of staff she shared his responsibilities. She may be said to occupy a position in the army in England similar to that occupied by Miss Eva Booth in America.

—Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the central committee of the American Red Cross has started an endless chain letter device to bring money pouring into the Taft campaign fund from the Republican women of the country.

—Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, wife of a millionaire, who has turned from poodles to politics, conducted a women's Wilson meeting in Union Square, New York, last week and fought 200 struggling men and boys who tried to reach her to get a Wilson button. A thief stole her handbag. The handbag contained a pocketbook, a pair of silk gloves, a powder puff, a handkerchief, a bunch of keys and other accessories.

—Miss Ruth Eliot, granddaughter of Dr. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, has announced that her wedding to her grandfather's secretary will not take place until she has mastered the art of housekeeping. Accordingly she is taking lessons in home-making at her summer dwelling. The romance dates from her trip round the world with Dr. and Mrs. Eliot.

Church Life

RESIGNATIONS.

B. H. Coonradt, Rochester, Minn., declined by congregation and reconsidered by pastor.

W. F. Hennessy, Highland avenue, Cleveland, to head men and boys' work at Hiram House, Cleveland.

J. Madison Williams, Guthrie Center, Ia.

CALLS.

N. K. Robertson, Stanford, Ill. to Watseka. Accepts.

R. H. Long, Fairview, O., to Centerburg. Accepts.

William McCallum, Adamstown, Pa., to Mexham, Pa. Accepts.

R. D. Sickles, Illiopolis, Ill., to Newman, Ill. Accepts.

D. A. Williams to Chagrin Falls, Ohio. Accepts.

Colbert F. Weaver, of Texas, to First, Pendleton, Ore.

E. V. McCormick, Harlan, Ia., to Guthrie Center, Ia. Accepts.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Mt. Zion, Mo., A. W. Luer, pastor; Granville Snell, evangelist; 14; continuing.

Montgomery, Ala., O. P. Spiegel, pastor; S. P. Spiegel, his brother, evangelist; 5; continuing.

Hampton, Tenn., A. P. Gray, evangelist; 47.

Independence, Mo., H. King Pendleton, pastor. E. E. Violet, evangelist, to begin meeting September 8.

Salisbury, Md., H. F. Lutz, evangelist; 64; new church organized.

Santa Cruz, Calif., J. H. McCullough, pastor; Jesse R. Kellems, evangelist; 29.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCHES.

First Church, Los Angeles, Calif., 134 during the first eight months of R. F. Thrapp's pastorate.

F. M. Stambaugh, of Cowden, Ill., is the new pastor at Millersburg, Ohio.

G. L. Lobdell, formerly of Chico, Calif., began his new pastorate at Stockton Sept. 1.

T. L. Noblett has closed his work at McAlester, Okla., to enter the medical profession.

J. B. Holmes' short ministry at Pendleton, Ore., resulted in raising a \$13,000 debt that rested on the property.

W. H. Harris, pastor at Waitsburg, Wash., died recently. He was an active and prominent leader in the Northwest.

Mrs. Laura D. Garst, of Des Moines, was the chief speaker at the Guthrie County, Ia., county meeting last week.

E. M. Johnson, pastor at Kearney, Neb., was elected field secretary of Nebraska at the recent state convention at Bethany.

W. A. Baldwin has been for fifteen years secretary of the Nebraska Missionary Society. He was re-elected for the sixteenth year.

Canton, O., Sunday-school, won the attendance contest over Cleveland's nine schools. Over 3,000 were present on the last Sunday in August.

New England Disciples will hold their forty-seventh annual missionary convention at St. James street church, Boston, September 12-15.

F. N. Calvin, who is relinquishing pastoral charge of Central Church, Warren O., will spend the winter in Waco, Texas, where he has accepted a call to preach.

D. B. Titus, who has for some time been superintendent of missions in South Idaho, has located at Caldwell. He will be succeeded in the superintendency by C. A. Sias, of Spokane.

The American Home Missionary for September is a Chicago number with articles by Orvis F. Jordan and Basil S. Keusser on Chicago conditions and problems as the leading features.

It is understood that three cities in southern California—Long Beach, Pasadena and Redlands—are working to secure the new college which the Disciples of the coast are projecting.

Evangelist C. R. L. Vawter, who has been associated with C. R. Scoville's party in the Australian tour will sever his connection and hold meetings himself upon his return to this country.

Iowa convention is held next week at Oskaloosa. Each service during the six days is provided with an "official time-keeper." This is an innovation, but every convention goer will commend it as a good thing and greatly needed.

The officers and directors of the Brotherhood of Disciples have announced a special train to the Louisville convention, running from Kansas City through St. Louis. It will connect with parties coming from states west

of Missouri. Secretary E. E. Elliott has charge of the train.

New Ministerial Relief Leader

W. R. Warren has quietly retired from the editorship and management of the Christian Evangelist to become Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief. His leadership of this neglected cause will dignify it in the eyes of the brotherhood and result in the gathering of a fund adequate to support our aged and needy ministers. This cause has always appealed strongly to Mr. Warren who has rendered it on many occasions effective though unofficial service.

Believe in Village Church

F. Lewis Starbuck, pastor of the village church at Shirley, Ill., reports the completion of a new parsonage costing \$3,500, and reminds us that it is only two years since his congregation dedicated a new house of worship costing \$6,000. The population of Shirley is less than 100 and supports a Methodist church also. Mr. Starbuck has been pushing his work with the same energy and methods that build up churches in larger places and believes that there is a great place for the rural church.

"College of Missions"

The "College of Missions" it is now to be called, instead of Missionary Training School. The new name comports with the purpose of the institution established at Indianapolis as a memorial to Sarah Davis Deterding. The missionary women who projected the school intended it to be of graduate grade, presupposing a college course on the part of the matriculates. It was felt

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MRS. LUELLA W. ST. CLAIR-MOSS, President, COLUMBIA, MO.

Next Session begins September 17th.

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OWNERSHIP: The Bible College belongs to the Christian Church. The State University belongs to the citizenship of Missouri.

TUITIONS: Bible College: Free. University: Free to Missourians. Students from other states, \$20 per year.

PURPOSE OF BIBLE COLLEGE: To train students for the Christian ministry, missions, work, and social service. To supply Biblical and religious instruction to students of the State University.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: A young institution, but already has eight of its students on the foreign field, two more sail this month, and another is under appointment to go next year. Has sent out more than 50 preachers to home churches. Has instructed hundreds of University students.

EDUCATIONAL STANDING: Interchange of credits with the State University.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES FOR MINISTERIAL STUDENTS: Intimate contact with instructors and fellow students in the college family. Close association with students of Journalism, Law, Medicine, Agriculture, etc., in the State University. Remarkable opportunities for self help. 150 churches within easy reach of Columbia, eight trains in and out daily.

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G. D. EDWARDS, Acting Dean, Columbia, Mo.

that the original name identified it with the more elementary and superficial, though admirable, institutions which offer short-cut training for missionary and general religious work. Principal Charles T. Paul has outlined his course from the point of view of advanced discipline. Students from our own and other religious bodies have taken advantage of this unique institution. No other body has yet established a production with like purpose. For the new year new courses have been added, embracing the rural and slum problems of American missions.

From Pulpit to Chair

After four years of successful ministry in charge of the great church at Bloomington, Ind., J. C. Todd has resigned to accept the appointment to the Bible chair at the State University in Bloomington. This chair was established mainly through the efforts of Mr. Todd and he has fostered it in many ways. The recent resignation of Prof. Walter M. Rounds who was its first occupant put up to the pastor of the Bloomington church the alternatives of continuing as pastor or accepting the Chair. He chose the latter, reluctantly giving up the leadership of the church whose people were equally reluctant to have him do so. During his pastorate the congregation has more than doubled its local budget, multiplied its missionary offerings by four and 400 members have been added to the roster. In addition to the establishment of the Bible Chair a chapel has been opened in a fruitful field on the margin of the city. Mr. Todd is well equipped for his new work. His pastoral ministry could best be described as a teaching ministry. He received his training in Missouri Valley College, Union Seminary and Columbia University. Four pastores mark his career—two in Missouri, one in New York City and the one which he is now relinquishing. At the last state convention Mr. Todd was elected president of the Indiana convention for next year. He has the confidence of his brethren. His new duties, as Bible Chair professor and University pastor begin this month.

Church Extension Offering

The annual offering began last Lord's day, we hope in a most liberal way. The offering should be promptly sent to G. W. Muckley, 603 New England Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Zwinglius Moore writes from Deming, New Mexico, "We are now in our basement and the promised loan of \$3,000 from the Church Extension Fund, with which to complete our church building, is one bright star in our horizon." They will take the annual offering.

Peter Ainslie of Baltimore sends these good words: "No call among us is more sacred than that of church extension. Not only has the record been remarkable but the blessing of the service has been beyond calculations."

W. N. Briney of Louisville, Ky., writes: "It should be an easy task for this great brotherhood to raise the \$35,000 in September to reach the million. I sincerely trust that Louisville will have the honor of entertaining the convention at which it is announced that this worthy aim has been reached."

R. H. Polly of Allerton, Iowa, is enthusiastic about getting the million this year. He is reasonable when he says: "Church extension is a great work. It deserves the loyal support of all the churches. I promise to do my best to increase the offering this year. That million dollar mark must be reached."

There are a thousand good wishes and promises from our pastors like the above. We cannot ask for space to publish them. These few show the mind of our pastors

over the country. John H. Booth, the associate secretary, is visiting all the southern California churches in the interest of the annual offering. He will be back to speak at the Kansas convention. The corresponding secretary is visiting conventions and churches near home. Let all pull together for the desired goal. Many individual gifts should be sent at once. Let September be sacredly set apart in all the churches for this task of securing the million.

G. W. MUCKLEY,
JOHN H. BOOTH,
Secretaries.

Foreign Mission Notes

R. Ray Eldred, Longa, Africa, reports a severe accident by having his right eye somewhat painfully injured. But Dr Jaggard did good service and he is on the way to recovery.

Frank Coop, of Southport, England, a regular and liberal supporter of the work of the Foreign Society, sends a special gift of \$500.

The churches show a good gain in their offerings for foreign missions during the month of August. Their personal offerings

Under date of July 20 Leslie Wolfe reports great interest in the evangelistic meetings at Singalong, Manila, P. I. Eleven were baptized within a few days. The Woman's Society in the American congregation, Manila, supports an evangelist at this point.

Mr. Wolfe reports that we have fifteen brethren on Corregidor Island. Most of these brethren are in the military department of the government. He reports a recent baptism. The brethren there have agreed to give Apolonio Estrella \$10 per month for his support in order that he may evangelize at Cababagan and at other points in Batangas Province. Corregidor Island has been called "the Gibraltar of the East."

The churches show a good gain in their offerings for Foreign Missions during the

month of August. The personal offerings are also much larger than one year ago. The Sunday-schools show a small loss for August.

The churches in the Philippine Islands all report a gain in their gifts during the past year. This is a wholesome indication.

We are indebted to a consecrated Christian woman who sent the Foreign Society \$1,050 as a direct gift last week. The Lord reward her and her thoughtfulness and deep interest in the work.

The Foreign Society is closing the greatest year in its history. The reports from all the fields are most cheering. More missionaries are needed. If we do our duty to the work already begun we will provide them. Let it be remembered that the books of the Foreign Society close September 30. The indications now are that the year's report will show a commendable gain in the total receipts, but much will depend upon the activity and liberality of the friends during the month of September. The gain already is more than \$1,000 to date.

F. M. RAINS, Secretary.

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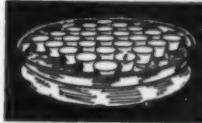
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Illinois

F. M. Stambaugh of Cowden, it is learned, has been called to a church in Ohio, and the call accepted.

Dana Church, where W. O. Lappin is minister, will have the assistance of C. E. Elmore of Ohio in a meeting.

At Hardinsville Church, an all-day service in the interest of old people and former members was held. This church is ministered to by J. I. O'Neal.

Gurnee, Ill., church held a "home coming day" recently under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society which proved a popular success and netted the society \$175.

J. W. Lowman, who has been supplying the pulpit at Granite City for several weeks, has been called to the pastorate permanently. His ministry there begins at once.

Watseka Church has extended a call to Norman K. Robertson, pastor of Stanford Church, to succeed Elmore Sinclair. It is not learned whether the call has been accepted.

The annual convention of Disciple churches of Pike county was held at Nebo the 29th and 30th of August. W. H. Cannon, pastor of Pittsfield Church, is president of the organization.

S. S. Jones whose notable pastorate in Danville was concluded this summer has been holding a successful evangelistic meeting at Old Union, near Danville, with thirty-two confessions.

H. H. Peters, of Eureka, dedicated the new

house of worship at Darrow, August 25. Lealie Crown, a Eureka College student, has been pastor there for three years and has accomplished a remarkable work. The new house cost \$4,500.

Elmore Sinclair, recently pastor of Watseka Church, was united in marriage with Miss Esther Georgia Gunn at Poplar Hill, Ontario. Mr. Sinclair was for five years with the Watseka Church, but has recently become pastor of a church in Kansas City.

Edgar D. Jones, of Bloomington, is back from his vacation in Kentucky, where he spent two months. Immediately upon arriving home he filled an engagement at Mechanicsburg Chautauqua, having been secured to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of J. H. Gilliland, who was to have been one of the Chautauqua speakers. Mr. Jones' pulpit in Bloomington was supplied very acceptably by Fred S. Nichols during his absence.

Eugene T. McFarland, for three years pastor of the Memorial Church, Rock Island, conducted his last service there the 11th of August. Large congregations were present at the concluding services. During the pastorate there were 253 additions, and beside this a new mission school was started in another section of the city. Mr. McFarland was to begin a meeting immediately at Corder, Missouri. His permanent residence will be at St. Louis, where he resided before going to Rock Island.

During the vacation, in September, of Dr. E. S. Ames from Hyde Park Church, Chicago, the pulpit will be filled by five members of his church, on successive Sundays. The speakers and subjects are as follows: Mr. Clarence E. Rainwater, director of Hamilton Park, "The Significance

of Playgrounds;" Professor Charles M. Sharpe, of the Disciples Divinity House, "Constructive Theology Among the Disciples"; Professor Howard Woodhead, of the University of Chicago, "Worship and Neighbor Love"; Mrs. Ella Seass Stewart, "The Meaning of the Woman Movement"; Mr. Clifford G. Roe, general counsel for the American Vigilance Association, "The Un-social Evil."

Secretary's Letter.

The Illinois State Convention is in session this week at Centralia.

Important to Preachers—The list of preachers that will be published in the Illinois year book will be completed very soon after the convention. The new men in the state who have not yet filled out and returned the "Application for Enrollment" should do so at once. If you have no blank on which to make application, write us and it will be forwarded to you at once. There is no enrollment fee, and never has been. This plan of enrollment was adopted by the state convention in 1903. The enrollment is also necessary in order to have your name appear in the list of Illinois preachers in the national year book.

When this is read it will not be too late to send us the dollar from your church for convention expenses, and it will be needed. Kindly see that this is done.

All recent changes of addresses should be sent us at once to insure their correctness in the year book. Our preachers are kindly requested to keep our office posted all the year round. We need to know every change promptly.

J. FRED JONES,
W. D. DEWESE,
Secretaries.

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